

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "Willing A Destruction Onto Humanity"

Hotboxing the whip with piff from the ziplock  
Guns come from Big Lots, blunts from the Quick Stop  
Scheming on a plot trying to rob Mr. Big Shot  
Strip you for your little chip of the rock  
Stay equipped with the Glocks, you left for dead sifting through rocks  
Gave your girlfriend my dick in a box  
All the dirt I got on my hands I should have rocks in my wristwatch  
But I pick Glocks over chocolates in the gift box  
Chase you down the staircase, pop you in the lobby  
Feed you hot slugs, each shot is a hot tamale  
Spot where we put the bodies is hot as the Mojave  
Probably time to find a new hobby  
Before cops is sending out the bloodhounds, rounding up the posse  
Reckless niggas with more records than disc jockeys  
Play their records on CNN and Hard Copy  
Play the part where they show the heart in the autopsy

Everyone of you is alive, your death has got nothing to do with it  
You already survived many deaths, but you don't know anything about it  
How much have you learned in this life?  
How much have you truly learned that makes a difference?

I'm a motherfucking headhunter, a cold winter to a dead summer  
Doesn't matter the weather, I'm still a lead-dumper  
You can find the fucking body in the red dumpster  
20+ years, cousin couldn't dead hunger (Still hungry, motherfuckers)  
See it's the gutter that I rap  
I nickname gats, they my butterfly effect  
The boxcutter or the TEC  
Some of my brothers is on their deen, some of them provide the wet  
And some of them provide the birdos  
Jail motherfuckers that'll buck you on their furlough  
I run through a wall, never heard of hurdles  
Manos de Piedra, I'm Roberto, you a fucking herb though  
I've been getting money since my third show  
My new Kel-Tec is berzerko, only smoke the purple  
Y'all just fucking stand around in circles  
Me and Jus Allah controversial